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Northern Messenger

VOLUME XLIV. No. 31 MONTREAL, JULY 30, 1909. 40 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

W. Bronsdon Aug 30 09

—'Eagle.'

The Best Summer of All

Oh, but it was such a good plan! I was so lonely, for mother was going away and daddy, too, and I was to be left behind with only Miss Young, and then one day, when mother and I went in to take some flowers for the children in bed in the hospital, she thought of it.

She never said a word to me till she'd talked to daddy, but I knew by the way her eyes shined something was going to happen. It

IN BED IN THE HOSPITAL.

always makes me shiver all up my back when mother's eyes shine, just like I do when the organ plays deep down on Sunday, or the sun shines on the red leaves up against the blue sky, or someone reads a story, one of that kind, you know.

I just couldn't wait, and oh! it was better than anything you ever heard. Mother said there were all those little children in the city and some of them were sick and some of them were just naughty because they hadn't anything nice to play, and all of them were hot, and there was our great big house and all the gardens with just Miss Young and me, and Mrs. Smith and William and James and Mary, and all of them with just nothing hardly to do, and there was all that lovely summer. And Miss Young said she'd love to have them, and oh, we did.

And Miss Young says I'm getting mixed, but I know you understand. She drew a picture of us two running to the train that first day when Jimmy came and the curly boy that had to have William and James carry him when he came, but 'fore he went away he played leap-frog with William's Bob.

All summer long we had company, there was little Jean, her cheeks were just like my

TOMMY.

painted doll's when I washed her, but when she went home she was brown and red like my pet apples, and there were the wee twin babies. Miss Young laughed and said we hadn't meant to take wee ones but the house matron said it would be new life for them, and our Mrs. Smith said 'it certain was the saving of them.' And they were lovelier than dolls to dress and hold and wheel round. Oh, I can't tell you about them all, and anyway, it wasn't only at our house they were, for when Katie's mother saw Jimmie she said they had only an attic room and a bit of land,

THE CURLY BOY.

but they'd take one, and then old Mrs. McDonald said she'd none of her own and they

LITTLE JEAN.

might be lonely, but she'd lots of empty rooms and she'd take four, and one of hers was Tommy. He looked as if he was always going to

THE WEE TWINS WHEN THEY WENT BACK.

be hit, our William said, but that was when he came, for before he left he'd run to meet William, and even when things happened, and

they will, you know, like the apple tree branches breaking just when you're nearly up. he'd come and tell and not be 'fraid at all, 'cause he knew he didn't mean to.

Oh! we never had such a summer. Mother just wished and wished daddy's business was done and she could come back and have the fun, and next year she says she will. And next year we mean to have more and more.

Mrs. Smith and William and James and the girls say they're a pack of young rascals, but it does your heart good to see them eat and grow fat. And Mrs. Macpherson never once grumbled when cook kept asking for more things from the garden.

Have you had anyone this summer? Was it a boy? Maybe you're like our Miss Brake, she said she wasn't strong enough to stand a

LAME JIMMY.

racket, but do you know she just had lots and lots of the nurses out to stay with her, and some babies' mothers, too, and she 'joyed it very much, she said.

If you haven't had any one just you get your mother to get you some, there are lots of them, Miss Young said, and they will be glad, for just out-doors and enough to eat, they don't need to be entertained, and you don't need to put on a party dress once less you want too for fun.

SUCH A SUMMER.

Religious News.

Says 'The Bible in the World':

The Bible Society depot in Jerusalem is well situated, and inscribed with bold lettering in several languages indicating that the Scriptures may be obtained within. Many visits are made by the pilgrims to the depot, and they show great interest in the purchases they make there. Last Easter, an attempt at colportage was made among these visitors, who spend most of their time lingering about the precincts of the Russian and Greek churches and other sacred shrines of the city. Colporteur Segal was sent from Port Said to Jerusalem for this special work. He can speak 12 languages—Arabic, Bulgarian, Croatian, Dutch, English, French, German, Hebrew, Italian, Portuguese, Roumanian and Russian. For five weeks he went in and out among the pilgrims, offering the Word of Life. Over 730 volumes in various languages were sold during the period, and the pilgrims seemed to attach a special value to the precious Book which had been purchased in the Holy City.

The American Board's Marathi Mission, whose report of 1908 has just been issued, was started in 1813. The first founders spent five hours a day teaching a school for Hindus, and at the end of ten years had 26 schools. There are now more than 150 primary schools, with other schools leading up to the high schools of Ahmadnagar and Bombay. In the industrial schools girls are taught needlework, cloth-weaving, lace-making, fancy work, and general housework: and boys, basket-making, rug-weaving, cloth-weaving, carpentry, laundry work, typewriting, fitter's work, making of metal dishes, masonry, rope-making, gardening.

There seems to be a providence in the establishing of Methodism in Russia. Many Europeans have the conviction that the next great religious awakening is to come about in Russia. It was only a little over a year ago when Methodism was set up in St. Petersburg. Already services are conducted in Russian, Finnish, Swedish, Esthonian, German, and English. There have been many conversions and 4 young men have been sent to colleges in Germany and America. A Methodist Deaconness Home has been opened in the capital and the first Methodist church in Russia dedicated at Wirballen, with two others to follow soon. There are 10 congregations already established and a Russian 'Christian Advocate' launched.—'The Christiansky Pobornik.'

Work in Labrador.

AT HOME AMONG THE FISHERMEN.

When I returned after two months of teaching in a fishing settlement on the Straits of Belle Isle, I found that whenever the subject came up, everyone asked with curiosity about the everyday life in a Labrador fisherman's family. I have tried to answer some of the usual questions here, thinking that possibly this may help some prospective volunteer.

It soon became apparent that West St. Modiste was not as far out of the world as I had supposed. The mail was brought every week by the faithful steamship 'Home,' and it was so pleasant to receive such a large packet of letters at one time, that one is inclined to miss that arrangement now. There is also a land telegraph station. This was connected with a wireless station some miles distant, and it was a duty of the latter to communicate with the ocean liners which the operator often saw passing along the horizon.

The little cottage which became my home was a typical one. On the ground floor were three rooms, but the family spent most of their time in the roughly-finished kitchen at the back of the house. In front was a larger room used as a kitchen in winter. This was papered with bright, flowered paper, and a number of illuminated scripture texts were tacked on the walls. The floor was gay with small rag rugs, designed and made by the women themselves. Half of it was painted a bright orange. My hostess told me that they had bought the paint of a trader and then found that they had only half enough. The next year when his schooner came around, he had none to match it, and so there they were!

My tiny bedroom opened off the front room, and I was delighted to find everything so clean and comfortable. There was a good feather bed, which was made of the feathers of birds the men had shot, and one of the pillows was stuffed with deer's hair. The one pillow sham, which was embroidered in outline in red, bore the startling inscription, 'Will not slumber!' This seems to have been an abbreviation of Psalm cxxi., 3, adapted to the size of the material on which it was worked!

The family—father, mother, and five children—slept upstairs, and I never knew of a window's being opened up there. At that time one of the daughters was at the Battle Harbor Hospital threatened with tuberculosis. Most of the people seemed to have some idea that fresh air is theoretically necessary, but it is difficult for them to get over old habits. One can understand why this is so, for, of course, in winter it is terribly cold, and in summer, though the thermometer averaged about seventy degrees in the middle of the day when I was there, there was usually a strong breeze which would make havoc in a room, while if the wind went down, mosquitoes appeared in exasperating numbers.

It somewhat shocked one's aesthetic taste to see hanging on the walls of the best room in some of the houses the motto, 'Do not spit. It spreads disease.' But I soon discovered the imperative need of something of the kind and of what an uplifting influence it was the result. More than once I went into kitchens where the floors looked as if they had never been scrubbed. The air was generally stifling, for every door and window would be tightly closed, though there was a hot fire in the stove and the perspiration dripped from the faces of the men who occupied the benches along the walls. As a matter of course these men all expectorated frequently on the floor; and this was in the room where the meals were cooked and eaten. But the house in which I lived was very different, and, indeed, many of the women were trying to prevent the spitting habit in their own homes.

Almost everyone I have met has inquired particularly about the food. My meals were served as I sat in solitary state at a side table in the front room. I suggested joining the family in the kitchen, but fancied they were more comfortable by themselves. The ordinary bill of fare for the three meals was tea or cocoa with condensed milk, delicious fresh cod or salmon or salt caplin, bread and butter, and occasionally jam and crackers; and for the Sunday dinner, baked beans, salt pork and a kind of boiled pudding. Fresh vegetables were very few and far between, and I remember that the only potatoes I saw were being prepared as a poultice to be applied to the exterior of a man suffering from scurvy! But it was always possible to order almost any variety of canned meat or vegetables or fruit by the 'Home.'

Wherever I went on the coast I met with the most generous hospitality. It was almost pathetic the way everyone offered to give me bottles of bakeapples when I left, that being the only thing they had to give. The latchstring is literally always out, for no one ever thinks of knocking before entering one of the houses. There is no necessity of 'making conversation' here, for if they feel like it the men and women sit around the room in perfectly comfortable silence for any length of time. Otherwise they leisurely discuss the number of quintals of fish that have been or are likely to be caught, or some rumor from the outside world that has been brought by a chance schooner or the mail steamer.

When anyone gets up to leave, these people have a delightful way of saying 'Time enough!' which almost makes one forget that there is such a thing as the 'strenuous life.'

(To be continued.)

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the launch:—W. W. Allin, Sintaluta, Sask., $15.00; Miss Cross, Norwich, $5.00; Total.. .. .. .

LESSON,—SUNDAY, AUGUST 8, 1909.

Paul's Instructions to the Thessalonians.

I. Thes. v., 12-24. Memory verses 16-18.

Golden Text.

See that none render evil for evil unto any man; but ever follow that which is good. I. Thes. v., 15.

Home Readings.

Monday, August 2.—I. Thes. v., 12-24.
Tuesday, August 3.—Heb. xiii., 7-17.
Wednesday, August 4.—II. Thes. iii., 6-16.
Thursday, August 5.—Rom. xii., 10-21.
Friday, August 6.—Luke xviii., 1-8.
Saturday, August 7.—Isa. xxv., 1-9.
Sunday, August 8.—Phil. iv., 1-9.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

Did any of you ever get a letter? How did it come to you? So, the postman brought it, you say Teddie, when you were away visiting grandma. Bob says he got his from the Post Office when his father was away from home. But how did they both come all the way they did? They came on a train. They were put into a post box at one place and then taken out and put on the train and carried right along to the place they were meant to go to. Were you glad to get your letters? Of course you were. Our government pays thousands of men all over the country to look after and bring to us the letters that are written to us and so, no matter how far away our friends may be from us, we hear how they are and what they are doing. But do you know how letters went to people in Paul's time? They didn't have any trains then, or any stamps, or any post-offices, or any postmen such as we have to-day. But still they used to write letters to each other sometimes and we actually have the copies of some of the letters that Paul himself wrote to some of his friends. We are to study our lesson to-day from a letter that he wrote to the Christians in Thessalonica. He had been persecuted in that city and driven out of it, but he loved a great many of the people who lived there and was quite anxious to know how they were getting on after he had had to leave them. Teddie, when you were staying with grandma, wasn't your own mother's letter something like this: 'My Dear Teddie,—I am thinking of you all the time and hoping that you are enjoying yourself. Do try to be a good boy and not worry grandma. Get up in the morning when she calls you and be sure to keep your boots nicely blacked. Write to me and let me know how you are getting along, for I shall be very glad to hear from you. All of us send our love. Give my love and a big kiss to grandma. God bless and keep you, my dear boy. Your loving mother.' Do you think Paul's letters were anything like that? Yes, they were very much like that as you would see if we could study all of this letter. But what we are going to study to-day is just the 'try-to-be-a-good-boy' part, where he tells them what to do. As they did not have any postmen in those days Paul sent his letter by a friend, and when this friend got to Thessalonica all the Christians there would be quite excited, saying 'Here's a letter from Paul, our dear friend Paul; I wonder what he will say to us.' Then they would all stand around while some one read the letter. Isn't it strange to think that we can read some of this very letter now after all these hundreds of years? Let us see what Paul really did say to them. You will be like the Thessalonians and I will be like Paul's friend, Timothy, reading his letter to you.

FOR THE SENIORS.

The lesson of three Sundays ago (Acts xvii., 1-10) should be briefly reviewed for an understanding of those circumstances of Paul's coming to Thessalonica to which he refers in the second chapter of this epistle, and also for some account of the class of people to whom this letter was addressed. There would be some Jews among them, but not many (Acts xvii., 4), the larger number being Greek proselytes, both men and women, and doubtless a number coming into the church directly from heathenism (I. Thes. i., 9). They would be surrounded by enemies and have little experience or deep knowledge of Christianity. Coming from the moral darkness of heathendom Paul makes no excuse for urging upon them the observance of what we might regard as common decencies, but much of his letter is as applicable and necessary for us to-day as ever it was to the little much tried and persecuted church in Thessalonica. Particularly, perhaps, in these days do we need the opening exhortation of our lessen portion. Blessed with such a number of great spiritual teachers as we are to-day, Christians are apt to be too critical, and not only the shortcomings of the sermon, but of the man himself are far too freely and lightly discussed with an unwise forgetfulness of the honor due to the holy office while a minister of God is filling and with a possibility of bringing the man and the service into contempt with those whose judgment is too untrained to weigh words wisely.

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.')

Verse 13.—'Esteem them exceeding highly.' We impoverish ourselves when we withhold honor from the honorable. For here is a great law of life: when we truly honor the honorable we become identified with it. When we honor genuine nobility we enlist ourselves in the same chivalrous order. No man can pay true homage to a hero without, in the very homage, acquiring something of the heroic spirit. We appropriate what we approve.—J. H. Jowett, in 'Record of Christian Work.'

'Be at peace among yourselves.' However full of zeal and activity believers may be, and however deep-rooted in their belief, if they neglect certain fundamental duties, if their differences among themselves lead to bitterness and wranglings, their faith, be it ever so eloquently presented, will make little appeal to the unbelieving. These judge by works; and if you have not good understanding in your midst, if they perceive a dearth of brotherly love among you, to their mind you are weighed and found wanting.—Charles Wagner, in 'Justice.'

Verse 15.—Do not allow yourself to be overcome by the evil which another may do to you, but overcome that evil with the good which it is your duty to do even to your enemy. When a person wrongs us, one or other of two things must happen. Either we shall succeed in triumphing over the wrong done us, or that wrong will triumph over us. On the morning of a great battle, according to an old story, a Scottish chieftain brought his Highland regiment in front of the enemy, and said, 'Now, my lads, there they are: if ye dinna ding them, they'll ding you.' That is exactly what our text says about the wrongs that other people do us.

One day, when the horse of a good man in Massachusetts happened to stray into the road, a churlish neighbor put the animal into the public pound. Meeting the owner soon after, he told him what he had done, and added, 'If I catch him in the road after this, I'll do just so again.' 'Neighbor,' replied the other, 'a night or two ago I looked out of my window, and saw your cattle in my meadow, and I drove them out and shut them in your yard; and if ever I catch them there at any other time, I'll do it again.' The man was so struck with the reply that he at once took the horse out of the pound, and paid the charges himself.—Charles Jerdon, in 'Gospel Milk and Honey.'

To be happy is really the first step to being pious.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Cultivate forbearance till your heart yields a fine crop of it.—Spurgeon.

A good man is like the sandal-wood tree; as it leaves a part of its fragrance on the axe, so he leaves his blessing with the enemy.—East Indian Proverb.

It is always easy to forgive other people's enemies.—Henry Frederick Cope.

You are not very holy if you are not very kind.—Bonar.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, August 8.—Topic—Cheerful giving. II. Cor. ix., 6-11.

C. E. Topic.

Monday, August 2.—The devastation of war. Joel i., 13-20.

Tuesday, August 3.—The curse of war. Lev. xxvi., 17, 31-39.

Wednesday, August 4.—God is against war. Ps. xlvi., 8-11.

Thursday, August 5.—The Prince of Peace. Isa. ix., 5-7.

Friday, August 6.—God's benignant reign. Isa. xi., 1-10.

Saturday, August 7.—War inspired from beneath. Rev. ix., 1-21.

Sunday, August 8.—Topic—Why war should be abolished. Isa. ii., 2-4; Matt. v., 38-48.

Early Influence.

I took a piece of plastic clay
And idly fashioned it one day,
And as my fingers pressed it still,
It moved and yielded to my will.

I came again when days were past;
The bit of clay was hard at last;
The form I gave it still it bore,
But I could change that form no more.

I took a piece of living clay,
And gently formed it day by day;
And molded it with power and art
A young child's soft and yielding heart.

I came again when years were gone
It was a man I looked upon;
He still that early impress wore,
And I could change him never more.

—Selected.

'Building a Wall.'

Here is a short paragraph from the 'Sunday School Journal,' which is full of pith and point, in showing what organized adult classes are accomplishing. Such classes of the present day have gone far beyond their prototypes of the early days:

'The organized adult Bible class is building a wall of men and women around the boys and girls that promises to keep them in Sunday school at a most critical time in their lives. It is enlisting in Sunday school work those especially adapted for leadership. It is ushering in the larger evangelistic spirit as evidenced by the increase of membership to many Sunday schools. It is developing a company of personal workers for which we have prayed so long. It is uniting the men and women, as never before, in an endeavor to help each other toward a higher and better life. Above all, it is bringing thousands upon thousands to know Christ.'

BOYS

If you would like a nice rubber pad, with your own name and address, also a self-inking pad—all for a little work, drop us a card and we will tell you about it. Splendid for marking your books, etc. Address, John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal.

TEN DOLLARS
For One Photograph

Have you sent your entry for the Camera Contest, which closes on August 1st?

The Competition is for the most interesting picture.

Artistic merit will, of course, be considered, but the general interest of the photograph will be the chief factor in the contest.

There will be seven prizes as follows: 1st, $10.00; 2nd, $7.00, 3rd, $4.00; and the next four, $1.00 each.

Send prints, which need not be mounted, as early as possible, securely protected by cardboard, and enclose a slip with a full description of the subject of the photograph.

Mark "Photo Contest," and address:
Managing Editor, CANADIAN PICTORIAL,
142 St. Peter Street, Montreal.

Correspondence

ROYAL LEAGUE OF KINDNESS.

I pledge myself
To speak kindly to others,
To speak kindly of others,
To think kind thoughts,
To do kind deeds.

Anyone may become a member of the R. L. of K. by copying out the above pledge, signing and sending it to the editor.

PLEDGE CARDS.—For those who wish to have them, we issue neat and durable pledge cards, 4 inches by 6, printed in purple and white, and ready to hang on the wall. Single cards, five cents and two cents for postage; six cards to one address, twenty-five cents and two cents for postage.

BADGES.—We also issue for sale with the pledge card, if desired, a neat brooch pin of fine hard enamel, in the above design of a bow in our own league colors, purple and white. Single badge with pledge card, and postage included, twenty-five cents; five badges with pledge cards and postage included to one address, one dollar.

Mark all orders on both envelope and letter with the three letters R.L.K.

Robie L. R. Eisner, B., N.S., is the new member to be welcomed this week. Some of our members say they find it difficult to keep their pledge. Of course, it is, and all of us will fail sometimes; the thing is to keep on trying, and if you have said an unkind thing, cap it with a kind word as soon as you can think of one to say. That doesn't mean go about flattering people all the time; flattery isn't kind at all. But you know that if you water a plant it will grow, and if you don't give it water it is likely to die, and it is just that way with the good that grows in people's hearts. If little brother is trying to keep the wood box well filled in the kitchen let him know that you notice it, or he may think that nobody cares how much trouble he takes; if little sister comes readily to help with the dishes when she had rather be out playing, be sure to thank her, instead of thinking, what may be true enough, 'It is just what she ought to do.' It is just those things that we 'ought to do' that we all need to be helped in doing. Be careful to water the plants you want to grow.

North Bay, Ont.

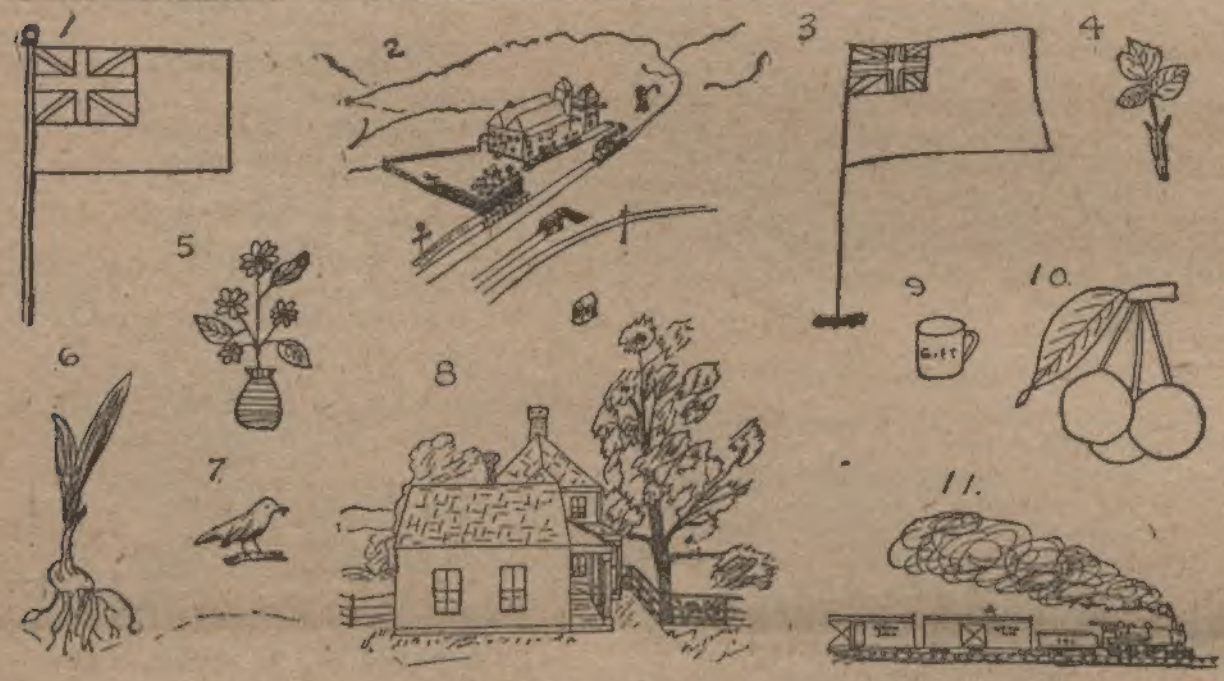
Dear Editor,—This town of North Bay is called 'The Gateway to Silverland,' being only a few hours' ride on the I. & N. O. Railway, to the great mining country, Cobalt. It is the county town for Nipissing district and is situated along the shore of Lake Nipissing, the population is about 7,000. We have splendid schools public, high, and normal, taught by the best of teachers. Once we were given the word 'Teachers' to find how many words could be made out of it. One of the pupils made 150. We enjoy the exercises, it is good mental work. I am nine years old, the youngest of five girls. We are a very jolly household. I will close with a riddle:—'Which would you rather have, a lion eat you, or a tiger?'

ALICE C. A.

O., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Northern Messenger' for quite a long while, now, and like it very much. I think I will tell you a little story, as follows:

There was once a girl whose name was Fanny Burton. She was one of those girls who always intended to do well; she undertook many things, but soon grew tired of them, and got careless with them. She once had a



OUR PICTURES.

1. 'A Flag.' Annie Wentzell (age 9), M., N.S.
2. 'A Station.' A. C. Brown (age 11), M. G., B.W.I.
3. 'A Flag.' Alezin Ebbett (age 4), M., Alta.
4. 'A Leaf.' Hattie Goodwin (age 12), W. H., N.S.
5. 'Flower.' Bertie Brown (age 8), M. G., B.W.I.
6. 'Onion.' Carl Embree (age 10), W. H., N.S.
7. 'Bird.' Ruth Main (age 8), W. H., N.S.
8. 'Our House.' Janie L. Libbey (age 13), B., N.B.
9. 'My Cup.' Minnie Hadley (age 10), W., Alta.
10. 'Cherries.' Stella Wentzell (age 11), M., N.S.
11. 'Freight Train.' W. H. B. (age 16), Shoal Harbor, Nfld.

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flock of chickens, which she thought a great deal of. She had taken great care of them, for about two weeks, but one night when it was time to put them in she was greatly interested in a book and said she would go soon, but soon it grew dark, and Fanny could not find her chickens. It was a cold night and in the morning Fanny found her chickens all frozen to death. Now Fanny had made many promises, and broken them in her earlier days. How could she be trusted any longer. Her mother had coaxed her very often to be more careful, when at last her mother was taken ill, and soon died. Now Fanny was left alone, she found it very hard at first, as she was only a young girl. But she became better in the future.

EFFIE BURNS (aged 12.)

R., Man.

Dear Editor,—We live on a farm 2½ miles from the little town of R. There is a rink there and I went to skate in it quite often in the winter and had lots of fun. It was blown over twice before it was opened. We live one quarter of a mile from school and I go every day. The teacher boards here, and we like her very much. There are not many going to school now, because a lot of people have the measels and the roads are not very good. We have two wolf hounds and they killed a wolf this winter. We have two other dogs and two cats. I have a doll and I like to make dresses for it. Its name is Maggie. I will close now with a riddle: What relation is a door step to a door mat?

M. GERTRUDE SARGENT.

O. S., B.C.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy seven years old. We have two white rats and a dog and five canary birds. We live on the shore of Okanagan Lake, and go in bathing every day in the summer. We used to live in Vancouver and we are going there this summer to visit our grandma and grandpa. My father is the engineer on the C. P. R. here, and there are steamers that come in here every day.

VERNON S. CARLYLE.

Kincardine, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My home is in Kincardine, Bruce County, on the shore of Lake Huron. There are regular boats coming in here, and irregular. The dredge boat is cleaning the channel out now. The harbor is convenient to the G. T. R. station, and the station is large, commodious, new and beautiful. The population of our town is 3,000. We have several factories, boiler works, saw mill, employing some hundreds of men, and the usual hotels, stores and blacksmith shops. Two papers are published. Fifteen or more summer houses for tourists were built on the beach this spring. It is delightful in the summer. Favorite summer resort. Splendid accommodation. Soon the electric road will be here.

JOHN NORTHWAY McK.

H., Ont.

Dear Editor,—Our next door neighbors have a few rabbits, they are very cute. One morning I went to the fence to feed them and I saw one of the rabbits standing beside the bottle of milk (which was standing on the back porch), he got on his hind legs and tipped the bottle over and drank the milk. He did this for five mornings until the people found it out, and afterwards they told the milkman to put it on the window sill.

MURIEL EGGLETON.

W. T., N.S.

Dear Editor,—As I am writing I would like to tell you where I live. It is on a large farm five miles from Tatamagouche, and I think it is a very pretty place in summer. I go to school and have only half a mile to walk. We have the Mission Band in our section and we all like it.

GLADYS GERTRUDE TATHIE.

C., P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—I live near the river, and in summer we have a good time gathering stones and shells and building forts. I have a little garden of my own and have quite a few of my seeds planted already. We live about half a mile from school and Sunday School. We are having our vacation now. I am sending in a few riddles and hope some one will answer them.

(1) Why is Ireland the richest country in the world?

(2) Why is a boy being whipped by his father, like a solar eclipse?

FANNIE E. SMITH.

S., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have a collie dog ten years old. He is still able to draw me in a sleigh in winter, and a cart in summer time. I have three Sumatra hens and one rooster.

HILTON JOHNSON.

WATER-WINGS.

Pleasure and profit for all who live near the water. More popular than ever—made of stout cotton, can be carried in the pocket, yet with a moment's blowing up will support a very heavy person in the water, enabling them very quickly to learn to swim. If you can swim already, there's heaps of fun waiting for you in a pair of waterwings. Sell EIGHT COPIES of the 'Canadian Pictorial' at 10 CENTS EACH, send us the money, and you get the wings at once. Write us for a package to-day.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
'Witness' Block, Montreal.
Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

Trees to Let.

(Hannah G. Fernald, in 'Every Other Sunday.')

Now the birds are northward winging
All the lisping leaves are singing:
'Trees, trees to let!
Here's a home for every comer,
Share with us the happy summer;
Trees, trees to let!

'Build not in the waving grasses,
They must fall ere summer passes,
Trees, trees to let!
In the bushes snakes may harm you,
Cruel cats or dogs alarm you;
Trees, trees to let!

'We will guard your nests so surely,
Rock your little ones securely;
Trees, trees to let!
You shall have, from our cool shadow,
Splendid views o'er wood and meadow;
Trees, trees to let!

'Come! We spread our arms to meet you,
Sing our leafy song to greet you;
Trees, trees to let!
Here's a home for every comer,
Spend with us the happy summer;
Trees, trees to let!'

Snake Stories.

(The Rev. Martyn W. Beatty, B.A., in 'Daybreak.')

A snake in the grass! This does not mean much to the boys and girls who walk and run carelessly through green meadows and hay fields, and as carelessly put their hands into the holes of trees and banks and walls in Ireland. 'No snakes in our grass,' say they.

But it is a quite different story in India. And when walking in the long grass, or even on a good path, unconsciously one's eye is always open for snakes. Here are some snake stories.

Bhagwan, my native preacher, the boys, and the girls, too (for the Madam Saheb is with us), all set out one beautiful Sabbath after the evening service is over, and, picking our way in single file through the jungle, we come to Gambhirpur, a village across the Lund river valley. The first rains have fallen, and the jungle is fresh and sweet, tiny blades of grass springing like magic from the bare soil, the great broad leaves of the forest trees glittering; a clean washed green above, soft silver underneath.

In Gambhirpur the men are away busy at work in the fields, but the women come thronging to listen while we sing and talk of a Saviour—their Saviour.

Then, as the sun sinks behind Himatpur,* cresting the upland slope away to the west, and the strange light of the monsoon afterglow touches all nature with magic unreality, we come back, a chattering, happy group. The Sabbath day, with its spiritual food; the Sabbath day, with its work for Christ; the Sabbath day of rest and quiet is ending. We are happy and without care—when a black, sinuous line darts in the grass close to our feet.

'Sap! Sap!'** rises the warning shout; and as chickens fly from the swoop of a hawk, so scatters our group in a wide circle, while through the grass, first here, then there, flashes and slides a deadly cobra, its hood expanded, showing clear, unmistakable, the peculiar head marks.

Then, warily approaching, with swift, sure blow, one of the boys disables it, and grinds its head to pulp, that its power to harm may end for ever.

'I will put enmity between thee and the woman, between thy seed and her seed. It shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel.' Gen. iii., 15.

Now, this word is true, even to this day, for the great serpent, Satan, is ever lying in our path to poison and destroy us with deadly sin—especially on Sunday, when we are feeling pleased and content with ourselves.

Watch and bruise his head.

We are swinging down the long slope that leads from Himatpur past Gogasar Talav,* a spot frequented by wild boar and jackals, and perhaps, occasionally, a wolf.

But of these we have not a thought. It is broad daylight, and such beasts range about only with the night; so, eager to escape the fierce sun heat, and not less trying glare, we hurry on. When, 'Take care! snake!' suddenly shouts my companion. The dread word is enough, the mind obeys at once, and a bound up and forwards, 'one blow,' as is said in Gujarat, releases from the instep of my boot a thin, yellow, whip-like line. With rapid, silent, waving movements it disappears through the sand and stunted bushes.

For a few seconds we stand, dazed a little, trying to grasp the danger that came so quickly in the bright sunlight, and as quickly disappeared—the —— what might have been. A slight shudder, and in silence we move on, grateful for the care which watches over us.

A snake in the grass indeed—dangerous, yet how impossible to avoid. Of a truth, we need One who cares for us—without Him we may die. And this, too, is a parable. For when we step on the snake, that is, sin—what hope if we do not OBEY—that is 'the one blow,' leaping out of the way of death at the word of warning, which He who cares for us will not fail to send.

* A native Christian village, meaning Courage-town.

** A snake! a snake!

* Talav means a pond or tank of water.

Straight as a Gun Barrel.

(Edgar L. Vincent, in the 'Visitor.')

'Is he straight?'

'Straight as a gun barrel. You can depend upon him in every spot and place.'

This was said of a boy who had asked for a place and had given as a reference the gentleman who made this firm reply. Would you not like to have men say to you, 'He is as straight as a gun barrel?'

Stop and think what that means. How straight is a gun barrel? No need to tell any boy that. He knows that in the factory where guns are made the metal is rolled and pressed and ground and polished until the most practised eye cannot detect the slightest curve in it anywhere. Not until it is so can it be permitted to go out of the factory. Over and over again it must be tested and tried until it is as perfect as men and machines can make it.

And think for a moment why this should be so. If the gun barrel were not straight, no one ever could hit what he aimed at; the bullet could not help flying wide of the mark.

And hitting the mark is the thing. That is what every boy wants to do—hit the mark. Therefore he must be true. 'Straight' is a homely word, but it is full of the deepest meaning. No boy can ever reach his aim, be it ever so high, unless he always does the true, manly thing. One little mean, underhand act, and his life may be marred forever.

The world wants men who are straight. Only straight men come up from straight boys. We cannot pass the time of boyhood and youth in doing smart, sharp, and tricky things, and then all at once, on a day when the world says we have reached manhood, drop our questionable habits and become upright men, because the gun barrel that is warped can never be made as straight as it was in the first place unless it be cast into the furnace and melted over again. And that process hurts; it means pain and sorrow and bitter tears.

Yes; if we ever expect to be straight, the time to begin is now. But how may we know whether boys are true or not? Think of these rules:

The boy who is true is not afraid to look any one in the eye.

He has a frank, manly bearing. This only right-living can give him, and that it will give him always.

If he says he will meet you at a certain time and place, he will be there or tell you why he is not.

Only the truth passes his lips.

He honors his father and mother. He is respectful to every one.

He does not swear. He does not use tobacco. He loves God and all good things.

These are the sure signs of a true man. Can you measure up to them? God help you to do it!

Katydid.

Katy dressed her all in green—
Katy did, she did;
Fairest Nature's court had seen—
Katy did, she did.
Katy didn't?
Yes, she did, she did; Katy did.

Katy had one dear desire—
Katy did, she did;
To join the woodland evening choir,
Katy did, she did.
Katy didn't?
Yes, she did, she did; Katy did.

Singing, Katy never knew,
Katy did, she did;
There was one thing she could do,
Katy did, she did.
Katy didn't?
Yes, she did, she did; Katy did.

Happy heart! they bade her sing—
Katy did, she did;
Rhythmic measure with her wing—
Katy did, she did.
Katy didn't?
Yes, she did, she did; Katy did.

Katy found it such delight—
Katy did, she did;
She tireless played till late at night
Katy did, she did.
Katy didn't?
Yes, she did, she did; Katy did.

Katy learned, like all earth's throng—
Katy did, she did;
Silence follows after song—
Katy did, she did.
Katy didn't?
Yes, she did, she did; Katy did.

Loving life, and loath to leave—
Katy did, she did;
Katy went one autumn eve—
Katy did, she did.
Katy didn't?
Yes, she did, she did; Katy did.

—Springfield 'Republican.'

What is a Golden Deed?

(By Charlotte M. Yonge.)

It is a chain of Golden Deeds that we seek to lay before our readers; but, ere entering upon them, perhaps we had better clearly understand what it is that to our mind constitutes a Golden Deed.

It is not mere hardihood. There was plenty of hardihood in Pizarro when he led his men through terrible hardships to attack the empire of Peru, but he was actuated by mere greediness for gain, and all the perils he so resolutely endured could not make his courage admirable. It was nothing but insensibility to danger, when set against the wealth and power that he coveted, and to which he sacrificed thousands of helpless Peruvians.

There is a courage that breaks out in bravado, the exuberance of high spirits, delighting in defying peril for its own sake, not indeed producing deeds which deserve to be called golden, but which, from their heedless grace, their desperation, and absence of all base motives—except perhaps vanity—have an undeniable charm about them, even when we doubt the right of exposing a life in mere gayety of heart.

Such was the gallantry of the Spanish knight who, while Fernando and Isabel lay before the Moorish city of Granada, galloped out of the camp, in full view of besiegers and besieged, and fastened to the gate of the city with his dagger a copy of the 'Ave Maria.' It was a wildly brave action, and yet without

service in showing the dauntless spirit of the Christian army. But the same can hardly be said of the daring shown by the Emperor Maximilian when he displayed himself to the citizens of Ulm upon the topmost pinnacle of their cathedral spire; or of Alonso de Ojeda, who figured in like manner upon the tower of the Spanish cathedral. The same daring afterward carried him in the track of Columbus, and there he stained his name with the usual blots of rapacity.

A Golden Deed must be something more than mere display of fearlessness. Grave and resolute fulfilment of duty is required to give it the true weight. Such duty kept the sentinel at his post at the gate of Pompeii, even when the stifling dust of ashes came thicker and thicker from the volcano, and the liquid mud streamed down, and the people fled and struggled on, and still the sentry stood at his post, unflinching, till death had stiffened his limbs; and his bones, in their helmet and breastplate, with the hand still raised to keep the suffocating dust from mouth and nose, have remained even till our own times to show how a Roman soldier did his duty. One of the most remarkable characteristics of a Golden Deed is that the doer of it is certain to feel it merely a duty.

Such obedience at all costs and all risks is, however, the very essence of a soldier's life. An army could not exist without it, a ship could not sail without it, and millions upon millions of those whose 'bones are dust and good swords are rust' have shown such resolution. It is the solid material, but it has hardly the exceptional brightness, of a Golden Deed.

And yet, perhaps, it is one of the most remarkable characteristics of a Golden Deed that the doer of it is certain to feel it merely a duty: 'I have done that which it was my duty to do,' is the natural answer of those capable of such actions. They have been constrained to them by duty, or by pity; have never even deemed it possible to act otherwise, and did not once think of themselves in the matter at all.

For the true metal of a Golden Deed is self-devotion. Selfishness is the dross and alloy that gives the unsound ring to many an act that has been called glorious. And, on the other hand, it is not only the valor which meets a thousand enemies upon the battle-field, or scales the walls in a forlorn hope, that is of true gold. No, it is the spirit that gives itself for others—the temper that, for the sake of religion, of country, of duty, of kindred, of pity even to a stranger, will dare all things, risk all things, endure all things, meet death in one moment; or wear life away in slow, persevering tendance and suffering.

Japanese Courtesies.

George Kennan writes thus in the 'Outlook' of his experiences in Japan:

After a bath in the hot-springs of Dogo, we returned to our own apartment, just in time to receive the card of the mayor, who had come to call upon us and pay his respects. I was shocked at the idea of receiving, in a scant bath-gown that didn't decently cover my legs, a formal call from the mayor of the town; but my Japanese friend said, encouragingly: 'That's nothing! Do as you see me do, and it will be all right.' The mayor, a dark, keen-faced man of fifty, with intelligent eyes and closely cropped hair, presently came in, and immediately dropped on his hands and knees and lowered his head to the matting. Our Japanese mentor took a similar position, and we, of course, followed his example. After a brief interval of silence, the mayor raised his head and remarked, in substance, that the town of Dogo was greatly honored by our presence, and that he had called to pay his respects and offer his services. We ducked our heads in unison, and replied that we were greatly honored by a call from the municipal head of a town that was so well and so favorably known throughout Japan, and that we should remember his courtesy and condescension for ever. What was said after that I don't know; but we Outlookers remained on our hands and knees for at least five minutes, ducking our heads every time our mentor set us the example, and looking, I have no doubt, like children in night-gowns playing a game of bunt before going to bed.

When all the formalities of perfect courtesy had been duly observed, the mayor sat upon his heels and we curled our legs under us on our cushions; holding ourselves in readiness, however, to take a crawling attitude at a moment's notice. We presented the mayor with our cards, and after some further conversation we all got down on our hands and knees again to exchange farewell compliments, and the mayor retired.

What the Moon Saw.

Introduction.

(By Hans C. Andersen. Translated by H. W. Dulcken, Ph.D.)

It is a strange thing, that when I feel most fervently and most deeply, my hands and my tongue seem alike tied, so that I cannot rightly describe or accurately portray the thoughts that are rising within me; and yet I am a painter: my eye tells me as much as that, and all my friends who have seen my sketches and fancies say the same.

I am a poor lad, and live in one of the narrowest of lanes; but I do not want for light, as my room is high up in the house, with an extensive prospect over the neighboring roofs. During the first few days I went to live in the town, I felt low-spirited and solitary enough. Instead of the forest and the green hills of former days, I had here only a forest of chimney-pots to look out upon. And then I had not a single friend; not one familiar face greeted me.

MY POST OF OBSERVATION.

So one evening I sat at the window, in a desponding mood; and presently I opened the casement and looked out. Oh, how my heart leaped up with joy! Here was a well-known face at last—a round, friendly countenance, the face of a good friend I had known at home. In, fact it was the Moon that looked in upon me. He was quite unchanged, the dear old Moon, and had the same face exactly that he used to show when he peered down upon me through the willow trees on the moor. I kissed my hand to him over and over again, as he shone far into my little room; and he, for his part, promised me that every evening, when he came abroad, he would look in upon me for a few moments. This promise he has faithfully kept. It is a pity that he can only stay such a short time when he comes. Whenever he appears, he tells me of one thing or another that he has seen on the previous night, or on that same evening. 'Just paint the scenes I describe to you'—this is what he said to me—'and you will have a very pretty picture-book.' I have followed his injunction for many evenings. I could make up a new 'Thousand and One Nights,' in my own way, and out of these pictures, but the number might be too great, after all. The pictures I have here given have not been chosen at random, but follow in their proper order, just as they were described to me. Some great gifted painter, or some poet or musician, may make something more of them if he likes; what I have given here are only hasty sketches, hurriedly put upon the paper, with some of my own thoughts interspersed; for the Moon did not come to me every evening—a cloud sometimes hid his face from me.

FIRST EVENING.

'Last night'—I am quoting the Moon's own words—'last night I was gliding through the cloudless Indian sky. My face was mirrored in the waters of the Ganges, and my beams strove to pierce through the thick intertwining boughs of the bananas, arching beneath me like the tortoise's shell. Forth from the thicket tripped a Hindoo maid, light as a gazelle, beautiful as Eve. Airy and etherial as a vision, and yet sharply defined amid the surrounding shadows, stood this daughter of Hindostan: I could read on her delicate brow the thought that had brought her hither. The thorny creeping plants tore her sandals, but for all that she came rapidly forward. The deer that had come down to the river to quench their thirst, sprang by with a startled bound, for in her hand the maiden bore a lighted lamp. I could see the blood in her delicate finger tips, as she spread them for a screen before the dancing flame. She came down to the stream, and set the lamp upon the water, and let it float away. The flame flickered to and fro, and seemed ready to expire; but still the lamp burned on, and the

girl's black sparkling eyes, half veiled behind their long silken lashes, followed it with a gaze of earnest intensity. She knew that if the lamp continued to burn so long as she could keep it in sight, her betrothed was still alive; but if the lamp was suddenly extinguished, he was dead. And the lamp burned bravely on, and she fell on her knees, and

THE INDIAN GIRL.

prayed. Near her in the grass lay a speckled snake, but she heeded it not—she thought only of Bramah and of her betrothed. "He lives!" she shouted joyfully, "he lives!" And from the mountains the echo came back upon her, "he lives!"'

(To be Continued.)

Can You Guess?

(G. R. Harding Wood, in the 'Christian.')

Once upon a time there was a boy whose father gave him a gold-piece worth ever so much. This gold-piece he put carefully in his purse, and then set off along the road. Soon he came to a bend where the road gradually became wider. On either side were tall trees which met at the top and made the road rather dark, so that he could not see to the end of it.

As he stood there, feeling not quite happy, a very old man came up to him. The man had a kind face, and a long white beard. The boy thought he must be really hundreds of years old, and yet somehow, although he was so old, he was able to walk without even the help of a stick. The old man was Mr. B.

'My son,' said Mr. B., 'you are a very foolish boy.'

'Yes, sir, answered the boy, politely.

Now he said this because he had been brought up to speak respectfully to old people, and not to differ from them. But he did not like being told he was 'very foolish'; and although he said 'Yes, sir,' he did not believe it.

'Listen to me,' continued Mr. B. 'You are a little bit afraid you will lose the gold-piece your father gave you when you started on your journey, and which you know is worth ever so much.'

'How do you know all about me, sir?' asked the boy, astonished.

'Never mind,' said Mr. B.

'Do you see those trees?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Behind one of those trees there is a bandit in hiding. A bandit is a robber, or, if you like, a giant. If you go down the road alone he will rush out suddenly upon you and rob you of your gold-piece, which is worth ever so much. He loves gold-pieces. But you need not go alone.

'Do you see this cottage at the side of the road? There lives a Guide who knows this road, and who is stronger than the bandit. If you will follow my two instructions no harm will come to you. They are very simple. First—find the Guide. Second—follow Him.'

So the boy went to the door of the cottage and knocked. Immediately the Guide Himself opened the door, and said: 'Welcome'; and before long they were on their way together. At first the boy, as he did not know the Guide very intimately, just followed behind at a respectful distance. Then, suddenly, without a moment's warning, out rushed the bandit from behind a tree, and the boy rushed behind the Guide. But it was all right. As soon as the bandit saw the Guide he ran away faster than he came.

Over and over again the bandit, dodging behind the trees, rushed out unexpectedly; but the boy was saved every time by the Guide, and so did not lose his gold-piece which was worth ever so much. Then such a strange thing happened. They came to a tree by the side of the road where a gentleman was sitting resting himself. The boy noticed he was very well-dressed, and, without thinking what he was doing, he went over to this man who had beckoned to him, and stood talking with him for quite a long time.

Gradually the man came nearer and nearer to the boy, who had now sat down by his side at the trunk of the tree, as he was beginning to feel tired of the journey. Then he felt the man trying to get his hand into the pocket where he had the purse in which was the gold-piece worth ever so much. So he began to struggle and cry out, when at once up came the Guide. Putting His hand to the forehead of the man He tore off a mask, and there was the face of the bandit.

When the bandit had gone, the Guide turned to the boy and said: 'What was the first thing Mr. B. said to you when you met him at the bend of the road?'

The boy hung his head. The Guide waited. 'Tell Me,' he urged.

'Please, sir,' said the boy, 'the old man said I was very foolish.'

'Did you believe him?' asked the Guide.

The boy hung his head again. At last he said: 'No, sir, I did not think I was foolish.'

'But,' said the Guide, 'Mr. B. was right, you see. Where would your gold-piece be now if I had not come? Ah, you see the bandit is very clever, and so he dresses up in other peoples' clothes, and often deceives foolish people in that way.'

And after that the boy put his hand into the hand of his Guide, and no matter how nice the people were who beckoned to him he never spoke to any of them. And that was how he reached the end of his journey safely—without losing his gold-piece which his father had given him when he started on his journey, and which was worth ever so much!

And now you can guess the meaning of my story so far. You are the traveller. The road is the road of Life, and you have gone a little distance—just as far as the bend where the road becomes wide and dark.

Old Mr. B. of course is the Bible, who, although he 'is' really hundreds of years old, does not even need help to get along—he is so full of life. The Bible needs no props. And what does the Bible say to boys and girls? It says you are very foolish, but that it is able to make you so wise that you can reach the end of the road—namely, salvation—by trusting the Guide. Here are its very words: 'The Holy Scriptures are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith that is in Jesus Christ' (II. Tim. iii., 15).

Jesus is the Guide. The devil is the bandit. The gold-piece is your soul, which the loving Father in heaven gave you when you started your journey, and which is indeed worth ever so much.

Have you ever met the bandit? Has he ever come to you, dressed up perhaps 'as an angel of light,' and tempted you to do something wrong when nobody was looking? Have you been very foolish? Have you stayed and talked with the tempter until you felt, as it were, his hands feeling for your soul? Have you obeyed the advice of Mr. B.? Have you found and are you following the Guide, for, after all, 'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul, or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?'

Kindhearted Burmese.

(H. Fielding, in 'The Soul of a People.')

There is nothing in the Burmese religion which compels them to be kind. To them a man is a far higher being than an animal. But they do not deduce from this that man's superiority gives them permission to kill or ill-treat animals. Quite the contrary. It is because man is so much higher than the animal that he can and must observe toward animals the very greatest care, feel for them the very greatest compassion, be good to them in every way he can.

Coming from half-starved, overdriven India, it is a revelation to see the animals of Burma. The village ponies, cats and dogs in India are enough to make the heart bleed for their sordid misery, but in Burma they are a delight to the eye. They are all fat, every one of them—fat, comfortable and impertinent.

The Burman is full of the most humorously good-natured attitude toward them. Looking at them from his manhood, he has no contempt for them, but the gentle toleration of a father to very little children, who are stupid and troublesome often, but are very lovable.

His ponies are pictures of fatness, impertinence and go. They never have any vice, because the Burman is never cruel to them; they are never well-trained, because he does not know how to train them. But they are willing; they will go forever, and they have admirable constitutions and tempers. You could not make a Burman ill-use his pony enough to break him into a cab horse. I never knew but one Burman who was a hackney carriage driver, and he soon gave it up. He said the work was too heavy either for a pony or a man.

In one Burmese town, which is the headquarters of the civil administration of the district, it was necessary, on account of the distance from the railway station, to make some arrangement for the carrying of the mail. A native of India agreed to take the contract to run a coach once a day each way to convey mail and passengers. It was supposed the passenger traffic would pay the contractor well, aside from his mail subsidy, for the Burmans are free with their money, and the road was long, hot and dusty.

I often passed that coach. I noticed that the ponies were poor and driven a little hard, but I saw no reason for interference. It did not seem to me that any cruelty was committed. I noticed the driver used his whip, but some ponies require the whip.

At the end of the year the contractor said he would continue his contract if the mail subsidy was largely increased. He said that he had lost money on the year's working. When asked how that was possible considering the large number of people who were always passing up and down, he said they did not ride in his coach. Only Englishmen and a few natives of India patronized him. He did not know what the reason was.

An inquiry was made and the Burmese asked why they did not ride in the coach. Were the fares too high? Was it uncomfortable? No, it was because of the ponies. It was a misery to see them; it was twice a misery to ride behind them. 'Poor beasts!' they said. 'They should be turned out to graze.'

The opinion was universal. The Burmans preferred to spend twice or thrice the money and hire a bullock cart, or they preferred to walk. They walked while the coach came by empty, and nearly all of them could have afforded to ride.

It was a striking instance of what pure kind-heartedness will do. Surely a people who could act like this have the very core of religion in their hearts, although the act was not done in the name of religion.

Why rushed the discords in but that harmony should be prized?—Robert Browning.

LITTLE FOLKS

Buffty's Return.

(A. V. L. Carrick, in the 'Youth's Companion.')

Yes, Buffty had to go, and the children looked as unhappy as the rainy day outside when they heard their mother's decision. For Buffty was a wee soft gray kitten, purry and pleasant to hold, and Margaret and John thought that it would be very hard to have to give such a nice pussy to Mrs. Downs, who lived out in the country.

'It's so far away from any other place, mamma,' objected Margaret, 'and there are no children at all. I'm sure Buffty will be lonesome.'

'And there aren't any mice,' John added. 'Mrs. Downs told me so; 'cause it was a new house, she said. I should think you'd give them an old cat like Minx. She'd be more company for Mrs. Downs.'

'What! Poor old black-and-white Minx, that no one wants but us? That's been our cat for six years? Oh, you wouldn't give her away, would you, Johnnie?'

'Yes, I would,' said John, firmly, nodding his brown head; but Mrs. Sherman only nodded hers back, and said again, 'Buffty must go to Mrs. Downs, children, for I promised her a kitten, and this is the only one we have. Pet him, and play with him all you like today.'

And so, shut mewing into a dark basket, Buffty was carried out into a darker night, way off to a white farmhouse three miles beyond the town. If he was lonely, the children were more so, for Minx was old and would not run round and round after her tail, or roll over with delight as Buffty had done when catnip was given to him.

But one wet morning, as gray and unhappy as the day when Buffty had been sent away, Margaret heard a little, frightened mew at the door, and when she ran to open it, something rubbed up against her legs, and that 'something' was her own dear kitten, Buffty. Buffty had run back home again, over that lonely road he had never even seen, with only his keen little instinct for a guide.

'Can't we keep him, mamma?' begged the children. 'Oh, can't we, now?'

But Mrs. Sherman shook her head again.

'I'm very sorry, chicks,' she said, gravely. 'But he is Mrs. Downs's kitty now. We must return him, you see.'

So Buffty went back in the basket once more, and the children missed him more than ever.

'I was going to hang a catnip-bag on the door for him,' said Margaret, 'just in case he comes back.'

'I was going to give him my drumstick,' answered John, at dinner.

But—perhaps you'll never believe me—these 'I was going to's' became 'I did.' For Buffty ran home again! Mrs. Downs sent in word by the egg-and-butter man that the kitten was gone, and for two weeks the children called and called him, and hoped that every little shadow that they saw would run and rub against their legs and purr. Then, at last, when they had given up hoping, a draggled, discouraged gray pussy, the ghost of their dear Buffty, jumped up against the window. He was thin and hungry, and almost too tired to lap the saucer of warm milk that Margaret held out coaxingly to him.

'O mother! Can't we keep him now?' John begged. 'Jerry Gile has some kittens he doesn't want. Couldn't we give Mrs. Downs one of them?'

And this time Mrs. Sherman said, 'Yes, we'll never send Buffty away again. I think he's earned his home!'

My Sunflower Neighbor.

(Helen B. Bell, in the 'Child's Hour.')

Did you ever have a sunflower 'smile' at you?

Well, I did—they are such friendly things, are sunflowers!

'I' am a tiger lily, and a family of sunflowers are my next-door neighbors.

Yes, sunflowers 'are' pretty, but I think tiger lilies are prettier, though I must say I don't think we are any better-mannered than the sunflowers.

The largest, flat sunflower was a wee bit rude one day, but then I've forgiven her. I'll tell you about it, though.

We had been quite friendly, so I asked them 'why' they always kept their faces turned to the sun (if you notice a sunflower will be facing 'east' in the morning and 'west' in the afternoon).

'Well, you see, "we" are the sun's chosen flowers—we are his namesakes, and, of course, that makes us love the sun very much,' said one.

'Yes, and that is why we always turn our faces to him,' said another sunflower.

And then, what 'do' you think that horrid, largest, fat sunflower said? She just giggled, and said, 'Well, "we" don't freckle like you tiger lilies do, so we are not afraid to look at the sun!'

As if we tiger lilies care for our freckles! Why, we are 'proud' of them! That's what makes us 'tiger lilies!'

Now, you know, it's common to be a sunflower!

Didn't you?

Well, it 'is.' There is a saying, 'common as a sunflower': while tiger lilies, even if they 'are' freckled, are quite aristocratic!

Yes, that is so! I know it isn't nice, or kind, either, to talk about my neighbors this way.

No, I don't think the sunflowers 'would' talk about me—this 'is' common, and I'll be careful hereafter!

That sunflower family does have such good times! They begin to laugh and play as soon as the sun is up, and they wave and nod to us lilies before we can get our eyes open good.

They hang their heads down sometimes, when their seeds are ripe, so the seed will fall to the ground, and the chickens can eat them—at least that is what one of the sunflowers said.

You see, they keep their seed in their little brown pincushion centers, and I 'must' say, we tiger lilies may not be as useful—but we outshine our neighbors in looks!

A contented spirit is the sweetness of existence.—Dickens.

Mary's Apron.

(Alice Turner Curtis, in the 'Youth's Companion.')

'Mary, your apron grew on a tree.

'Yes, it did!' repeated seven-year-old Jimmie, laughing at his sister's reproachful look.

'I saw my mother make it,' said Mary, taking up one corner of the dainty muslin apron and looking at it carefully.

'The stuff it is made of grew on a little tree that looks just like our blush-rose tree,' insisted Jimmie. 'Aunt Ethel has a book full of pictures about it. Come and see!' and taking Mary by the hand, Jimmie trotted out to the piazza where Aunt Ethel was sewing.

'Aunt Ethel, did the stuff my apron is made of grow on a little tree like a rose-bush?' asked Mary, eagerly.

Aunt Ethel took hold of the muslin apron, and then nodded smilingly. 'Yes, my dear,' she said, 'your apron is made of cotton, and cotton grows on a plant. It is the fruit of a plant.'

'Well, I didn't know cloth grew!' said the little girl.

'I will tell you about it,' said Aunt Ethel, lifting Mary into her lap. 'Then when you hear about cotton cloth and cotton thread you will know just what it means.'

'Does thread grow, too?'

'See,' said Aunt Ethel, holding up the apron, 'this cloth is made of hundreds of fine threads. So you see the thread is really made first.'

'Tell her about the cotton-plant.' said Jimmie.

'Some day,' went on Aunt Ethel, 'you and Jimmie will go to South Carolina; and instead of fields of grass you will see the fields of cotton. If it be in July, all the cotton-plants will show a round fruit as big as a walnut. In August, when this fruit has ripened, it bursts open, and then out come lovely white fluffs of lint. And this white lint is cotton.

'It is all picked from this plant and cleaned, and then the white strands are spun into thread, and then the thread is woven into cloth, and your mother buys the cloth and cuts Mary out an apron and sews it with fine cotton thread, and here it is.

'There!' said Jimmie. 'I told you that your apron grew upon a little tree.'

'Who picks the cotton lint?' asked Mary.

'Negro boys and girls,' said Aunt Ethel.

'I must go and tell my mother about cotton,' said Mary, slipping down from Aunt Ethel's lap. 'Perhaps she will set out some cotton-plants and we can raise our own cloth.'

But Aunt Ethel shook her head. 'No,' she said, 'it has to be a very warm climate for cotton to grow in, and a great deal of sunlight. Your mother cannot raise cotton here.'

'Well,' said Mary, thoughtfully, 'we can raise lovely roses. Mother is at work now in the rose-garden, and I am going to tell her about my apron. Which do you think is best, Aunt Ethel, roses or cotton?'

'What do you think?' asked Aunt Ethel.

'Roses,' answered Mary.

'Cotton, of course,' declared Jimmie.

Aunt Jeannette's Story.

(Annie H. Donnell, in the 'Youth's Companion.')

'I wish I didn't have any hands, so there!' snapped Clem. 'Then nobody'd say, "Won't you please to pick some string-beans for dinner?" and "Won't you please to pick some currants for tea?" an' "Won't you please to pick some—some—'"

'Chickens for Thanksgivin'!' finished Danny, gleefully. Clem laughed, and then, of course, she felt better.

'But you couldn't make those lovely currant buns out o' mud 'thout any hands,' little Doris remarked, gravely. She smacked her lips as if her mouth watered for a bun.

'Then I'd make 'em with my feet!' laughed Clem. She had put on her 'broad-brimmer' and picked up her baskets, ready for the currant-picking. The little rain-cloud had quite blown over.

Aunt Jeannette was writing a letter to her soldier. The children thought she was away off in the Philippine Islands, and it almost startled them when her sweet voice sounded suddenly in their ears.

'I saw a little boy making mud pies with his feet,' said Aunt Jeannette.

'Aunty! With his feet?'

'Yes, with his two little feet, and he did it in a very workmanlike way, too. You would have been surprised.'

'O aunty, don't stop! Tell us the rest!' pleaded the three children, eagerly.

'But I'm afraid to keep Clem waiting—it will be so hot in the currant patch soon,' Aunt Jeannette objected.

'Hot! I'd rather pick currants in—in Manilla, aunty, than not hear that story!' Clem cried. So aunty slipped her soldier's letter in her portfolio and told them the story.

'I think he must have been on his way home from school. He was a bright-faced little fellow about as old as Clem, and he had on a little blue cape like a soldier boy. It hung round him in loose folds. There was a new house going up on the street, and he was making his pies out of a little heap of sand beside the great box the men were mixing mortar in. I wish you could have seen the neat way he made them!'

'O aunty, with his feet!' breathed Clem.

'With his feet. He drew the moist sand toward him into a little pile with one foot, and worked it and stirred it and patted it with the other. He was so busy he didn't notice anybody watching him until I said, "How much do you ask for your pies?" and then he looked up into my face and smiled. We felt quite acquainted then.'

'Then I s'pose you shook hands,' little Doris said.

Aunt Jeanette's sweet face sobered. 'No, but we both smiled. That's a beautiful way to get acquainted.

'"They are beautiful pies," I said, "but why do you make them with your feet? It's such a funny way."

'Oh, if I hadn't said that! I am sorry for it still, and I said it years ago. For when the little fellow looked up at me gravely, I knew all at once why he stood there patting his little sand pies with his feet. He need not have told me. There were no hands under his little blue soldier cape.'

(To be Continued.)

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Temperance

Before the Cadi.

(G. Gale Thomas, in the 'Christian World.')

Aside from the hurly-burly of the glaring street, we step into the subdued light of the small, square police-court, with its sober furnishings of plain oak. The sound of a single voice alone breaks the silence. It comes from the witness-box away on the left, where a policeman is standing, looking strange without his helmet.

'The prisoner kicked me. I took him into custody. He struggled and fought violently,' and so on.

Standing at the back, some two-score rough men and women are crowded where they have just come in from the street, to look on at the procession of offenders.

The railed island of the dock, raised up in the centre of the court, holds the prisoner, standing with his cap meekly held before him, while the gaoler is on guard just below. The clerk of the court looks up now and again to ask a question, and then writes rapidly on the depositions. On a broad dais above all sits a little man, middle-aged, keen and alert, listening quietly to the proceedings. It is the stipendiary magistrate—the Cadi of modern London.

The clerk looks up again. 'Have you any questions to ask the witness?'

'No, sir,' says the prisoner, 'I had a few glasses, and didn't know anything about it.'

'Twenty shillings, or fourteen days,' says the Cadi quietly, and the prisoner is hurried down, and disappears through a door at the back.

Another door opens to admit the next case, and discloses a long line of men and women awaiting their turn to come on.

It is Monday morning, and the charge list is heavy. Always the same tale—'Had a drop to drink'! Sixty-one cases of drunk and disorderly to be disposed of before the ordinary criminal list is taken. Drink! Drink! Drink! This is the contribution of the public-house in a poverty-stricken neighborhood to the nation's civilisation.

No one can look on at the procession of miserable victims without indignation at the social apathy which permits this scourge to riot in our midst, draining the life-blood from a wretched and ignorant population, and casting up the dregs to fill the national prisons. The monotony is hardly varied as the cases are quickly disposed of. Here is one fully reported:

Clerk: 'Drunk?'
Prisoner: 'Yes.'
Clerk: 'Anything known of him?'
Police: 'No, sir.'
Magistrate: 'Half-a-crown.'
Exit prisoner. Time, thirty seconds.

And the Cadi sits there immovable—the representation of justice to the little world of slum-life!

And what of the prisoners? They are a rough lot, the real submerged. Many of them have never had a chance, dragged up under conditions that could never make citizens. The one bright spot in their wretched lives is the brilliantly-lighted gin-palace, with its social life. What can we expect?

So day by day, with monotonous repetition, the procession passes through some twenty courts in the metropolis alone. Some of the prisoners are women, bold-faced, brutalised. They defy the Court. They have lost all sense of shame.

As the police tell their tale of hooligan attacks, savage strugglings and drunken obscenities, we see the picture of Saturday night's orgy in poorer London. But this is Monday morning, and the prisoner is sober now. As he stands there meekly, with a kerchief roughly knotted round his rough throat, we cannot realise that he was the drink-maddened ruffian of Saturday night.

Sometimes there is a touch of humor to lighten the gloom. A fair-haired, innocent-looking lad of seventeen is charged with assaulting the police.

'There was a row,' he says apologetically to the Court, 'and they was frightened of the big 'uns. So they took the little 'uns and collared me.'

'Anything known of him?' asks the Cadi.

'He was charged with murder, Your Worship,' is the unexpected reply.

A brutal-looking prisoner is next charged with knocking down a constable and kicking him, with the relp of a ruffianly crowd. The constable was rescued by two civilians who came to his aid and now appear as witnesses. 'I think it right to say,' remarks the magistrate, 'that the police and public are much indebted to the private witnesses who have come forward in this case.'

Next, 'Robert ———, accused of brutally assaulting his wife.' The sequel is all too frequent. The police report that the woman, afraid of future retribution, refuses all information. So the ruffian escapes with merely being bound over.

At length the 'drunks' and assaults come to an end and the hearing of other cases begins. A middle-aged carman appears charged with embezzling £7 received for his employer. He took the money on Saturday and gave himself up on Monday. He has been sixteen years working honestly in the same employ, and this is the end. Had he been spending it in drink?

'No,' says the officer; 'he has paid it away, we can't find where.'

'After sixteen years' good conduct! What a pity!' says the magistrate. 'What have you to say?'

(To be continued.)

In a news dispatch from Washington, D.C., drunkenness of officers is given as the reason for many naval accidents, by F. W. Jones, second officer of the U. S. army transport Sherman.

..HOUSEHOLD..

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Work and Worry.

There are scores of excellent people in this world who have never yet learned the difference between work and worry. If they have anything to do they seem to think that the only way of accomplishing it thoroughly is by means of incessant worry—worry about the time, the method, the necessity of their task, until they have driven easy-going and more tranquil souls nearly frantic. To some people worry is the only recognised motive power, and they use it unsparingly on occasion. Who has not seen or known such a one about to start on a journey? The train leaves at ten, we will say; the distance, less than half a mile to the starting-place, can be easily traversed in ten minutes, consequently a prudent traveller would leave twenty minutes beforehand, to ensure ample time. But our worrying friend insists upon starting at a few minutes after nine, alleging that the clock may be wrong. When finally convinced that the clock is right, he sits down uneasily

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for five minutes, but then jumps up again, declaring that it is time to go, for the time-table may have been changed. An inspection of the table (fortunately at hand) removes this fear, and five minutes more are passed in evident discomfort. Then he again springs up, seizes his umbrella and bag, announces that he knows it is very late, and starts, despite all remonstrances from his cooler companions who follow him at the appointed time, to find him breathlessly awaiting them. He is tired and nervous before the journey begins, and all for nothing, since the moments are always of the same length, and the railway officials have observed their usual time, notwithstanding that our worrying friend is a passenger. And this peculiarity runs through all the acts and ways of some lives, depriving them alike of dignity and repose.—'Christian Globe.'

Jacob's Sermon.

'Had a good sermon, Jacob?' my wife asked me last night when I came home from church.

'Complete, Rachel,' said I.

Rachel was poorly, and couldn't go to meeting much, so she always wanted me to tell her about the sermon and the singing and the people.

'Good singing, Jacob?'

'I'm sure I couldn't tell you.'

'Many people out to-day?'

'I don't know.'

'Why, Jacob, what's the matter? What are you thinking about?'

'The sermon.'

'What was the text?'

'I don't think there was any. I didn't hear it.'

'I declare, Jacob, I do believe you slept all the time.'

'Indeed I didn't. I never was so wide awake.'

'What was the subject, then?'

'As near as I can remember, it was me.'

'You! Jacob Gay!'

'Yes, ma'am. You think it a poor subject. I'm sure I thought so, too.'

'Who preached? Our minister?'

'No, he didn't preach—not to me, at any rate. 'Twas a woman—a young woman, too.'

'Why, Mr. Gay! You don't mean it, surely! Those woman's right folks haven't got into our pulpit?'

'Well, not exactly. The minister preached from the pulpit, but I could not listen. I was thinking about my sermon. I will tell you about it. You know that young woman at the post-office, Mrs. Hyde's niece. She and I were the first one at meeting, and we sat by the stove warming. I had seen her a good deal in the post-office and at her aunt's, when I was there at work. She is pleasant-spoken, and a nice, pretty girl. We were talking about the meetings. You know there is quite a reformation going on. She was speaking of this one and that one who was converted. There was quite a silence, and then she said, sort of low, and trembling in her voice, and a little pink blush on her cheek, and the tears just a starting:—

'"Oh, Mr. Gay, some of us were saying at the prayer meeting, last night, that we did so want you to be a Christian."

'Her cheeks flushed redder, and the tears fell. I knew she felt it, and it was a cross to say it. I never was so taken back in all my life.

'"Why, bless your soul," I said, "my child, I have been a member of the church forty years."

'My tears came then, and I guess my cheeks would have been redder than hers, if they warn't so tanned.

'"Do excuse me, Mr. Gay," she said. 'Excuse me for hurting your feelings, but I didn't know you were a Christian. I never see you at prayer meeting or Sabbath school, and I never noticed you at communion. I'm sorry I've hurt your feelings.'

'"Tut, tut, child," I answered. "No harm done. I'm glad you thought about an old man. I'm a member, as I said, but I haven't worked at it much, I'll allow. I don't go to prayer meeting or Sunday school because—well—I made the excuse to myself and other folks that Rachel was poorly, and needed me to stay with her, but I'm afraid the Lord wouldn't accept it."

'Just then the people began to come, and I took my seat; but the looks and words of that young woman went to my heart. I couldn't think of anything else. They preached to me all the meeting time. To think that some of the young people in Wharton didn't know I was a member, and were concerned for the old man! I said to myself, by way of application, Jacob Gay, you've been a silent partner long enough. It is time you woke up and worked for the Lord; time to let your light shine so that the young folks can see it.'—'Golden Rule.'

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Fathers and Daughters.

(By Lucy Elliot Keeler, in the 'Congregationalist and Christian World.')

A man and a young girl came in laughing, their hands full of wild flowers which they had gathered in a ramble on the hills. 'Put them in water, Papa,' the girl commanded, thrusting her own collection into his hands, 'while I dress for dinner.' The man went off happily and was soon laboriously arranging the faded treasures in bowls and vases.

Two women looked on in amusement. 'See Oliver,' exclaimed the wife, 'doing another of the things I have tried all these years to spare him!'

There was nothing like reproach or jealousy in her tone, merely a quick recognition of the mysterious and wonderful tie which binds a father to his young daughter.

In what immortal fashion have Shakespeare and Balzac depicted this relation! Horace Bianchon, the great Paris physician, said that he had examined Père Goriot's head, and found only one bump on it, that of paternity; adding, 'He will be a father forever.' Such fires of paternal passion were perhaps never lighted elsewhere. His selfish, worldly daughters were the thread by which he guided himself through life. No wonder the better of the two exclaimed, 'There are not two such fathers under heaven!' He was the incarnation of fatherhood:

'If they are amused, happy, bravely attired, walk on carpets, what matter with what I am clothed, or the place where I lie down! If they are warm I feel no cold. If they laugh I am never bored. I have no sorrows but theirs. When you become a father you will feel how they hold on to each drop of your blood of which they are the fine flower. Some day you will know that one is happier in their good fortune than in one's own. I cannot explain it. When I became a father I understood God.'

Aside from the supreme examples of father love as exemplified in Père Goriot and King Lear, literature and life abound in instances.

Lord Brougham's daughter died in 1839. He went long afterward to call on Harriet Martineau. By some accident a drawing of the girl was on the wall. Brougham caught sight of it and hiding his face in his hands wept bitterly. The same drawing was at his own home, but the greatest care was taken there that he should not see it.

(To be continued.)

Synopsis of Canadian Northwest Land Regulations.

ANY person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

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